

THE
MUSE'S MEMORIAL
OF THE
HAPPY RECOVERY

Of the Right Honourable

RICHARD
Earl of Burlington,

FROM A
DANGEROUS SICKNESS,

In the Year 1706,

A

Congratulatory POEM.

WITH

An Account of the Present State of POETRY.

BY

N. TATE Esq; Poet-Laureat to Her MAJESTY

THE Muse's Memorial,

A Congratulatory Poem.

IN SORROW's gloomy Vale, where mournful Yew,
Pale Willow, and the pensive Poplar, grew ;
Where frighted Flow'rs in Infancy expir'd,
And starting Fountains to their Cells retir'd ;
Where smiling Joy could no Admittance find,
But Grief and Night in cold Embraces Join'd :
No Sight or Sound allow'd to enter There,
But Sights of Horror, Accents of Despair :
The Music of those Groves, Night-Ravens Knells,
The Screech-Owls Shrieks and Mandrake's Boding Yells,
The Visitants that Only did resort,
(And only Welcom Guests at SORROW's Court)
Were Jangling Discord, Jealousie, and Fear,
Desponding Discontent, and sullen Care ;
Who would have fought August *BREITANNIA* There ?
Yes,

Yes, there she sat; but ah! how sadly chang'd,
 How far from her Imperial Self estrang'd!
 Her Royal Robes in wild Disorder spread,
 Against a Mouldring Tomb she leans her Head;
 Her Pillow Marble, wither'd Moss her Bed.
 Her Canopy of State a Cypress Bow'r:

On Earth the Sov'rain Ensigns of her Pow'r,
 Forlorn her Crown, and Sword, and Scepter lay,
 Her Golden Globe rowl'd carelessly Away:
 Th' Imperial Dame her Self, with Shiv'ring Breast,
 And Aspect Pale, a wild Affright confest;
 Yet, in Distress, a Mien of Grandieur bears;
 Awful in Grief, Majestick in her Tears.

What Wonder, if that Melancholy Seat
 The Mourning MUSE had chose for her Retreat?
 In Solitude her Sorrow to beguile
 For her Lost* PATRON, Pride of Britain's Isle: * Late Lord
 Burlington.
 With grateful Zeal intent on her Design
 To raise His Mem'ry an Immortal Shrine,
 Embellish'd, not with Gold, but such a Verse
 As Halcyons when they Build, or dying Swans Rehearse.
 Thus,

Thus, sweetly sad, her harp's Hours she past,
 Secure that such a Loss would be her Last,
 Till suff'ring Sorrow, by a fresh Alarm
 Was Rous'd, and Patience ruffled to a Storm
 When Passion (swell'd into a Deluge) broke
 The silent Banks, and, in a Torrent Spoke—
 O, what! Before our Tributary Tears
 Have paid Those Obsequies their just Arrears!
 Before that Pomp has march'd a Solemn Round,
 While former Griefs are Green, Another Wound?
 That Storm succeeded by a Second Shock,
 Threat'ning in one Choice Plant the Noble Stock!
 The Damage is too Vast—O Fate forbear,
 It strikes too Deep—'Tis more than Earth can Spare!
 But Destinies are deaf, Petitions vain
 To Cruel Courts that by Destruction Reign;
 Therefore to Thee, the GUARDIAN PATRONESS,
 To Thee August BRITANNIA we Address.
 Preserve the Pledge committed to your Trust,
 'Tis Ours, 'tis your Own Int'rest to be Just;

'Tis now your Golden Age when Britain's Spear,
 A GALAXIE of WORTHIES does appear;
 When such Refulgent Sons of Lustre Blaze
 The World looks up with Transport and Amaze;
 Yet many of your leading Lights are Set!
 (Forgive the Muse she Speaks it, with Regret.)
 A Strong Reserve still Shine, and Genuine Bright,
 But when (O dismal Thought) They take their Flight,
 'Twill Threat your Orb with an Eternal Night.
 For, Whence can you expect another Dawn,
 Your Phœbus and your Phœbus both withdrawn?
 'Twill Ruin you to part with such a Prize,
 For Oh! look up to those sublimer Skies;
 See how They Revel at BRITANNIA's Cost,
 And Sparkle with the GEMS that she has Lost.
 See your * Iulus There, of Royal Line * D. of Gloucester.
 With his * Ascanius (next Himself Divine) * Lt. Churchill.
 See how they Blaze and teach the Stars to shine!

Transplanted in their Youth and Glory's Spring,
The Blooming Hero, and the Blossom'd King.

Remember the Convulsive Pangs we felt,
That made your *Albion* Rocks with Pity melt,
The Coronet fall from *Narcissus* Head,
The new-blown Rose her glowing Glories shed,
The Violet his Purple-Pride forego,
And Lillies strew their Banks with Summer-Snow:
For with that Sullen Season All comply'd
The listless Shepherd flung his Crook aside,
Forsook his Charge; for ah! What farther Need
To tend those Flocks that wou'd no longer feed?
The lowing Herds from flow'ry Pasture fled,
The Gen'rous Horse, to Chrystal-Currents lead,
With sick Disdain Turn'd from the Stream his Head.
Mute was the Musick of the Grove and Rill,
The Murmurs of the Buzie Hive were Still;
From Land to Sea the Wild Distraction spreads,
The Tritons started from their Corral-Beds,
The Nereids tore the Tresses from their Heads.

And

And would Remorseless Fate our Woes renew
 While yet we have that Mournful Scene in View
 What! Barb'rously let in Another Main,
 Another Sea of Tears to Drown our Isle again?

He comes; the cruel'st Ravager that Reigns
 In deadly Stygian Fens, and Sulph'rous Plains
 From Night's Infected Vault, He tears his Way
 Thro' Earth's tormented Sides, to blast the Day;
 Invenom'd Mildews fall where He arrives,
 And burning Blights where his hot Chariot Drives
 He comes! The Son of Slaughter comes, 'tis He
 Advanc'd his purple Harbingers I see
 With guilty Haste the hurrying Murd'rer flies,
 Through Storms of Sighs and mourning Mothers Cries
 This wails an Heir, That for an Heiress, Raves,
 From Nuptial Bow'rs snatched to Untimely Graves
 For tho' the Cottage in his March he takes,
 Yet there a short and harmless Visit makes,
 To Swarming Poverty Indulgent still,
 Spares where He thinks 'tis Charity to Kill,

Reserving his Dragooning Troops Compleat,
 To Massacre in Mansions of the GREAT.
 His sable Steeds and Fun'ral Flag I Know!
 To *BRITAIN'S* Noblest Plants a Fatal Foe;
 He strikes--- O Sacred Pow'rs divert the Blow!

HERE stunn'd with Terror and with Raving faint
 She Breath'd--- And thus concluded her Complaint;

O charming Form! And with a Soul Refin'd
 To prop the sinking Credit of Mankind.
 So Heav'nly Mild as sent to Reconcile
 A wrangling World, and make Contention Smile;
 An Eden-Soil, where all the Sacred Seeds
 Of Virtue spring, With no Molesting Weeds.
 That Paradise of Sweets! That Lovely Bloom
 Transform'd to With'ring Trophies of a Tomb!
 If that devouring Gulf our Hopes Ingross
 Can you sustain, can you compute the Loss?
 For what one lavish Minute throws away;
 May cost Revolving Ages to repay.

Yet to these Desperate Circumstances brought,
 (Forgive a Grief almost to Madness wrought)
 Not yet can I admit the Tort'ring Thought:
 For of all Guests in Fates Unwelcome Train
 Despair shall be the Last I'll Entertain.
 Prosper my Daring Wish, Propitious Pow'rs
 Prophetick Passion that still calls Him Ours!

Thus sung th' Officious Muse! to Entertain
 The Mourning Empress, and divert her Pain
 (Her own dissembling) but Concluding found
 The Desert shook, and her Last Accents drown'd
 By a surprising Trumpet's startling Sound
 This Summons sent, high mounted on her Wain
 Bright FAME appears, with all her blazing Train
 And thus, with Pity and Resentment prest,
 Respectfully her Reprimands Address

In Tears? When, Empress, to Congratulate
 Your Prosp'rous Arms the Rescu'd Nations wait.
 Retir'd to Shades, when bright Successes fall
 And Crowding Conquests for loud Triumph call.

Appear, Advance, and War's last Garland seize;
 Arise and put the Weary World at Ease;
 Thus FAME---

BRITANNIA her bright Aspect rears,
 (Like Sunshine darting through a Show'r of Tears)
 And thus Replies---

With thankful Transport I these Blessings hear
 But will my Comforts never come sincere?
 For oh! I'm giddy with the Turns of Fate,
 The checquer'd Colours of a changing State;
 Mounted on Triumphs, and with Woes deprest,
 Abroad Victorious, and at Home distrest,
 My **BURLINGTON**--- Ah! let me sigh the Rest!

For, *Fame* 'twould make your Conqu'ring Crest to stoop,
 Your Plume to sicken, and your Lawrel droop,
 Had you with Me a late Spectator been,
 And but the Gen'rous grieving **KINSMAN** seen;
 A Spectacle that Marble Breast would move,
 (O Passion Equal to Paternal Love!)

The Man in whom we are alike Concern'd,
 Our *POLLIO*, Fame, the Wise, the Just and Learn'd,
 The Patriot, always for my State's Affairs
 Opprest with Thought, and now with double Cares;
 Yet struggling with the Tumult of his Heart,
 To Keep strict Watch that no Defect Start,
 That no Discovering Symptom shall be seen
 Of the Commotions he sustains Within:
 In Vain! --- not all his Caution can Conceal
 Those Sighs and Tears that thro' the Guards will Steal.

If therefore SORROW in a Manly Breast,
 Prov'd such a Lawless Domineering Guest,
 How shall the Tender PARENT's be Express!
 Maternal Conflicts! Goddess do you Start?
 I knew t'would strike like Lightning thro' your Heart.
 Pretend not to Dissemble, for I see,
 Your Courage Shockt, and now you'll Pity Me;
 Nor chide a Tenderness that dreads to Dwell
 On what 'tis Pain to think, and Death to tell!

Is't Possible? Has Merit no Degree,
 No lofty Region from Affliction free?
 Grief's furious Waves against that Bosom beat!
 Tempestuous Trouble shake that sacred Seat,
 The VIRTUE'S and the GRACE'S Calm Retreat.
 That Temple Raz'd where will the Vot'ries fly!
 Where so Delighted, so Securely Lye?
 What other Sanctuary can shelter yield?
 Arabia's Spicy Grove, or Tempe's Field?
 And will you, Fame, Insure their Safety there?
 After this Wreck what will the Tempest spare?
 The Smiles of Infant-Spring will lose their Pow'r
 On Rage that Riff'd This Celestial Bow'r!
 So rude a Hurricane would Discompose
 The Syrian Lilly, and the Sharon Rose.

O Piety! Thy gen'rous Patroness,
 The Comforter of Virtue in Distress,
 Her Self, beyond all Prospect of Relief,
 Forc'd Out into a Stormy Sea of Grief!

That Glorious Temper, that Accomplish'd Mind
 Lab'ring for Life, and driving with the Wind
 Thro' flashing Terroures on the Billows toss'd
 The Skies all Dark, and Hope's last Anchor lost.

If still you think it strange that these Alarms
 Disturb the Comfort of your Prosperous Arms
 Hear the Concluding Scene-- to That we come
 And that Rehears'd I am for Ever Dumb.

Distracted, 'twixt Despondence and Desire
 (In Pain to know yet Dreading to Enquire)
 I pass'd th' Apartment where Attendants Mourn'd
 (Like *Niobe* to weeping Statues turn'd)
 And found the promis'd Pillar of my State
 My Darling Seiz'd, and made the Prize of Fate
 A Captive, but Triumphant in his Chains;
 In Torture, but Superiour to his Pains.
 He heard our Isle his desp'rate Case deplore,
 Heard *ALBION* sigh, her raving Ocean roar;
 He saw Distraction thro' the Palace spread,
 He saw the Graces weeping round his Bed;

Hope's

Hope's strong Reserve and firmest Forces fly,
 Her last Efforts assaulted Nature Try,
 Astonisht Art her self stand fighting by,
 Whilst all, but Him, the Consternation strook,
 The Noble YOUTH, with an Undaunted Look,
 Like dying VOL EXTADE R Would ye Hear,
 What Next Ensud?—I can but speak my Fear,
 For, fill'd with Horror of Approaching Fate,
 And Grief too Fierce to mourn in Formal State,
 I fled from Court to Sorrow's private Stage,
 Where Majesty with Decency may Rage:
 Free from the Chains of Ceremonious Care,
 With Dress disorder'd, and dishevell'd Hair,
 Wild as the Winds, and Lawless as Despair.
 She ceas'd—and sees the Gloomy Grove grow Bright,
 Like Chaos at the Joyful Birth of Light;
 While Fame, with an Enliv'ning Voice Replies,
 Fav'rite of Heav'n, August BRITANNIA rise;
 Arise, to meet the Blessing you Implor'd;
 Your Fears are fled, your BURLINGTON's Restor'd,

Nor shall I think it strange if desperate Grief
 These Tidings entertain with cold Belief,
 Since Nature's Self, delightfully Amaz'd,
 On the Surprising Revolution Gaz'd;
 The Stars, with sparkling Wonder from Above,
 Beheld the Blest Effects of ART and LOVE.
 For such Success, such Miracles attend
 On their Consecutive Pow'r, with Providence their Friend
 Thus **FAME**-----

The mourning Empress, starting from the Ground,
 Resumes her Grandeur at th' inspiring Sound,
 And Thus, in Transport-----

Conquest spread thy Wing,
 Renown to me, Repose to EUROPE bring;
 This leading Bliss that happy Prospect gives, [Lives.
BRITANNIA's Hopes are Crown'd; Her **DARLING**

Now, weeping Muse, your chearful Streins Employ,
 And boldly Launch on a Spring-Tide of Joy:
 Go ; tell th' Multituous Youth the Time draws Near,
 When in my Orb of State He must Appear;

The Sphear for which such early Rayes were Born;
 Bid him the best of REALMS and REIGNS adorn,
 Till **BRITAIN** Her Meridian Glory gain,
 And brighter Beams Eclipse **ELIZA**'s Reign,
 That Prospect (Muse) This leading Blessing gives,
 Go, Tell th' Applauding World **BRITANNIA**'s
 [Darling Lives.

She ceas'd--- Th' Obsequious Muse first bow'd her Head,
 Then, with a decent Confidence---- she said---

BRITANNI's Sov'reign Right we shall assert
 In this Rich Freight--- But still must claim our Part,
 The Queen * of Science (watchful are her Eyes * *Minerva.*
 On Early Souls to seize 'em as they Rise)
 Saw in his Morn Meridian Lustre shine,
 And Cry'd, The Glorious Wonder must be MINE:
 With Her **APOLLO** Join'd, and wrote him Down
 A President and Patron of Renown:
 Too Scant (said he) is **LEARNING**'s Present Store,
 And therefore we with speed must furnish more;

A Stock to carry on the Skilfull Trade,
 Beyond what former Voyagers have made :
 New Mines of Knowledge for his Use are Kept,
 That else had in Eternal Darknes Slept.

Nor sat our Tunefull Tribe in mute Repose,
 Idle Spectators, When This PHOENIX rose,
 But, to Caress him with Un-Vulgar Layes,
 We Ransackt All the Flow'ry Fields of Praise:
 Yet left too poor the Tribute We could Pay,
 With Tim'rous Joy we made our first Essay;
 But see! How Matchless Merit can engage,
 And Trembling Zeal advance to Prosp'rous Rage,
 No sooner could we touch the Willing Lyre;
 But all the Charms of Harmony Conspire,
 And Rapture dances on the Warbling Wire,
 Sublim'd with Vocal Strains, so sweetly strong,
 The fullen Shades stand listning to the Song;
 The wrangling Winds respectful Silence Keep,
 An Ocean rocks his froward Waves Asleep.

F I N I S.

A

Brief A C C O U N T OF THE P R E S E N T S T A T E OF P O E T R Y.

TH E Reason of my Tacking a Piece of Prose to this Poem, is more in Behalf of P O E T R Y than my Self; yet withall, to Answer a Question, that would charge Me with Deficiency in Duty: I'm ask'd, *Why I write or Publish any Metres, before doing something upon those Heroic Actions of the last Campaign?*

'Tis One special Comfort (amongst Others) Belonging to my Faculty, that every Body takes upon 'em (by what Authority I can't tell) to call Our Matters to Account; And None so Pragmatical as Those who know Least of 'em, and have Least to do with 'em; If I have any Pardon to ask for This Publication, 'tis for doing it without the Cognisance of Those Persons whom Only it Concerns. But to the Question.

I find Censure and Common Sense are not Constant Companions, for This wou'd ha' told 'em that when a
Poet

Poet has Once perform'd Public Duty to a Hero, a Second Attempt is Acknowledging He fail'd in his First, where He either reach'd his *ne plus ultra*, or came Short in his Respects.

The Muse that makes One Campaign and comes off without Discredit, has (for Ought I see) All that falls to her Share; Getting Nothing by a Second but Friend *Martial's* Reprimand of *Poterat Tutior Esse Domi*.

The Time has been when Poets pretended to dispute the Bays with a Conquerour, but *Tempora Mutantur & Nos*. They are now grown more than our Match. Our Late Adventurers have found 'em so; and so has our Adviser-General, who Crys *Quarter* in the First Couplet.

O let the Conqu'rouer Stop his swift Career,
A while the Foe, a while the Poet spare.

Advice to Poets.

You see the Service is too Hot for Us; which (by the Way) Answers Another Question, viz. *Why I wrote upon Lord Rivers's Expedition before He Set Out?* (For I have the Luck to be Double Tax'd Both for Delay and Dispatch too.) Why? Because, unless *Pegasus* gets the Start, There's no keeping Up with the Career of our Generals; Who

—Conquer Faster than Our Bards can Write. p. 1st l. 10.

Yet (Under Favour) we have as Expedition as Ever Handled Pen; but for All That 'tis the plain Truth of the Matter, and well for the World that 'tis so, whatever becomes our Metre-Men, who if they wait till the Action's Over, will find the Best Respect they can Then pay Our Warriours, is (as Another Adviser says)

—That they modestly Retire,
And at just Distance Silently Admire.

Ut Pictura Poesis says *Horace* (who knew something of the Matter) and ev'ry Painter knows a good Portrait no Easie Task; Then, what to draw a Battle, or Triumph? If therefore we went Masterly to Work (after the Manner of the Antients) we would put on our Considering Cap, and, Before we fell to our Bold Stroaks, cast about for an Artful Scheme, and Design, (absolutely Necessary to a Picture and Poem Properly so call'd) But if Huddled Work will please the Town, why should Skill and Pains Waste their Forces on a finish'd Piece, when You'll have (as a Great Man said) perhaps Six People Understand it. The Truth on't is, That the Common Cry is so often upon a wrong Scent, that Applause is Almost grown Scandalous, and, to be Decry'd, a Reputation.

But the Greatest Grievance (and least likely to be Redress'd) is, that the Least Encouragement of All is given to the Best (because usefulest) Kind of Poetry, the *Moral* and *Divine*; while the Lewd and Licentious is catch'd up and Caress'd. This Sort of Patronage and Poetry Some think a *Great Evil under the Sun*, Suspecting it to be one Source of National Corruption, and That

Hoc Fonte derivata Clades

In Patriam Populumq; fluxit. *Hor.*

The next serviceable Sort, is the *Encomiatory*, that Celebrates the Worthies of our Age, whether in Church, Court or Camp. Virtue, Worth and Honour are indeed their own Panegyricks, yet as an Over-fondness of Praise is a Weakness, so on the other Hand, to treat it with Disrespect and Contempt may draw Suspicion that 'tis Undeserv'd; For, *Postquam desivimus facere Laudanda, Laudari quoq; ineptum putamus*, is a Remark of the sagacious *Plin. Sec.* reciting a Laudatory Epigram of *Martial*. 'Tis a blind Mistake to think such Performances terminate on the Persons, whereas, besides doing present Justice to Merit, 'tis a transmitting of its *Memory* and *Example* to Posterity.

Another useful Province, is, to bring forward springing Excellence in our young Plants of HONOUR, with favouring Gales of Commendation, and insinuating a noble Ambition of making good all those Early Promises of Nature.

Therefore having, on This Occasion, so inviting a Prospect before me, I make no Apology, for introducing into this Scene so Magnificent Figures as Those of BRITANNIA and FAME: 'Tis Proportion'd to my Great and Just

Respect for the noble Family, &c. and I have * *Eclog. x.* * *Virgil*, for a Precedent, Assembling a Congress of Deities upon a less important Circumstance.

As for the Manner in Writing This, I rather chose to imitate the Ovidian Freedom and Latitude, than the Reservedness of *Virgil*, in an Argument where Description was to have no small Share, Passion to be Predominant, the Catastrophe Exultory.

I have seen Instances of both Manners very Beautiful, and shall produce One, upon the very self-same Topic, by Two Master-Wits, DENHAM and GROTIVS.

— * *Every PILOT* Trag. of the Sophy.

Can Steer a Ship in Calms, but He performs

The Skilful Part, can manage it in Storms.

Thus the Briton, with his Comprehensive Conciseness; and Thus the Belgian, with Amplificatory Art

— * *Cum Ratem Pelago Sua* * Sophomp.

Fert Aura, Cursum Regere Mediocris Valet

Puppis Magister: Artis Eximia est Opus,

Cum dubia, Ventos inter incertos, Hyems

Flagellat Undas, Vix Nimborum, Vadis

Commotum ab imis, Surgit in Montes Mare,

Reperire, Fluctus per Procellosos, Iter.

O Life of Description! Will not he that has ever been in a Storm at Sea think Himself in Another? Or can the Muses read this Metaphor without calling to Mind Matter of Fact, their Brittish MEMIADES, for many turbulent Years at Helm, in our Representative Vessel of State, when it was toss'd with Counter-Storms of Division, and Contrary Currents, yet Skilfully and Steddily Steering by his Point, the COMMON SAFETY, and keeping All from going to Wreck. For during that tempestuous Time (*Patrii Tempore iniquo* as *Lucretius* words it) tho' the Muses might lye Bye without much Detriment to the Publick, yet, by no Means, could Their

—Memmi Clara Propago
Talibus in Rebus Communi deesse Saluti.

Or can they dissemble their Transport in seeing Him at Another Helm of State, in Conjunction with Another Master-Pilot, in a much Calmer Season, Steering the same Course, and Approving Himself, *Tempore in Omni, Omnibus Ornatum Excellere Rebus.*

Can they possibly forbear being Proud of having such PATRIOTS for their Patrons? For tho' Some, in Posts of Business, fear the Patronizing of Poets would prejudice their Politicks (before they have any Politicks to Hurt) Yet Persons of true Sagacity and Politest Parts, well know the Greatest Admirer of the Faculty was the Greatest of Monarchs, and his ablest States-Man *MECOENAS*. *Carmen amat Quisquis Carmine Dignus*, has always been, and ever will be a *Maxim* with the Muses.

Foris Arma, Consilium Domi, were in *Cicero's* Opinion (a pretty Competent Judge of the Case) the Two Pillars of a Common-Wealth, and Consequently the Rival-Subjects of PANEGYRICK; yet it seems 'twas a Popular Error in the forecited *Tully's* Time to give the Preference intirely to the Transactions of the Field; *Cum Pleriq; arbitrantur Res Bellicas Majores esse quam Urbanas, paulum minuenda est Hac Opinio.* He was

was for Bringing the Business to a Balance, the same Vigilance, Industry, Sagacity, Dexterity, Sincerity being Requisite to support the Respective Stations; I may add (and have Tully's Word for That too) that as the Circumstances of Danger are oftentimes as Great; Courage is as necessary in the State's-Man as the Soldier, and the Danger divided betwixt 'em. *Periculosa Rerum Actiones, Partim ijs sunt qui eas suscipiunt, (i. e. the Military Officers) Partim Republica,* meaning The Managers of State-Affairs.

Our Warriors are indeed the Shining Wonders of the World, and without Competitors till we come up to the Age of Heroic Miracles; yet since we are likewise Happy in the most Faithful and Able Ministers of the Publick, why this Branch of Poetical Duty should be so much forgot, I cannot conceive; so that 'tis now come to my Turn to ask a Question, having for my Own poor Part Endeavour'd a Poet's Duty in this Respect, (as I had done in the former) and intending to Proceed in't; *Utinam modo dicere possim, Carmina Digna.*

One Word more at parting in Behalf of my poor Faculty and Fraternity; 'tis not doubted but Our incomparable General will, with the Recover'd Liberties of EUROPE, bring Home the long Captivated Liberal Arts, Attendants and Applauders of his Triumph, for This

— Our Conquests will Comptear,

United BRITAIN then be truly GREAT

For when of Favour'd SCIENCES Bereft

Deserted LEWIS has no Lawrel Left.

F I N I S.

Lately Publish'd

OTIA VOTIVA or Poems on several Occasions, several of which in Memory of the Late King and Queen. Printed for Tho. Osborn in Grayes-Inn near the Walks.